# KIEW MEMORIES

1944 - 5

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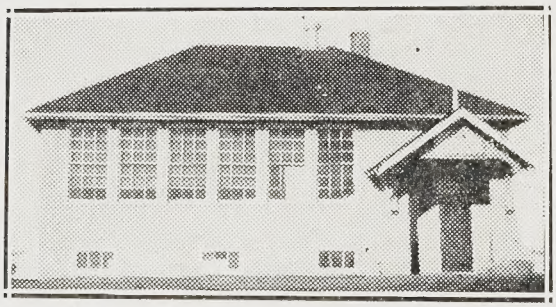
## 1944 - 45

## A Souvenir of Kiew School

## S. D. No. 1693



Dedicated to our loving parents.

GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

## From Our Editors

In presenting this 1944 - 45 Year Book we have tried to make it a suitable souvenir for the pupils of Kiew School. We have published a book that is not just a thoughtful review of events, nor a comic book, but a simple story in pictures and words of events happening during the year.

This edition has a section for messages from our friends and another for our special guests. As an innovation we have introduced several pages in colors; articles and poems by the students telling about various activities connected with school life during the past year.

Our parents and teacher gave us much encouragement. We are very much indebted to the Board of the Vegreville School Division for their generous financial support. Their yearly grants towards our book have always been greatly appreciated.

Lastly, we should like to thank all those people who are largely responsible in the production of this book. We hope you like it.

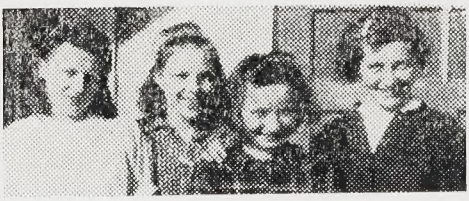
Elsie Bushko and Olga Cymbaluk

# KIEW MEMORIES in RETROSPECT

## EDITORIAL STAFF 1942 - 43

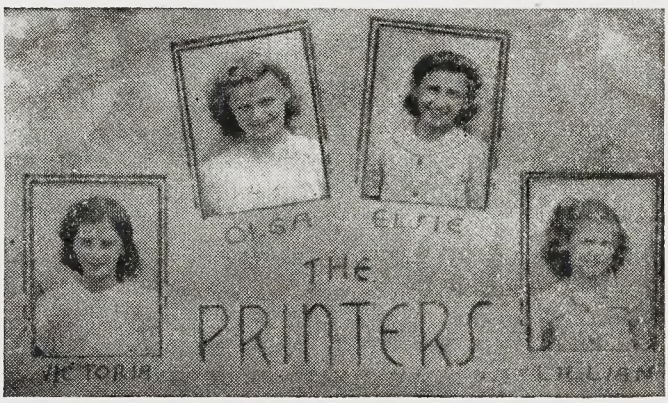
ELIZABETH DUK AND OLGA CYMBALUK - REPORTERS STEVE KUCHIK - EDITOR
ZONIA DMYTERKO AND HELEN SOKALSKI - SUB-EDITORS, PETER STEBLYK - SECRETARY

## PRINTERS 1942 - 43



HELEN SOKALSKI, ZONIA DMYTERKO, OLGA CYMBALUK, ELIZABETH EWASCHUK

## PRINTERS 1943 - 44




VICTORIA S., OLGA C., ELSIE B., LILLIAN B.,

Though it be but a lowly little frame structure, perhaps sadly in need of a coat of paint, the country school basks in an atmosphere of romance that is lacking in the great and decorous edifices in the larger towns and cities. Little wonder then, that we hear its praises in song and verse.

To me, 'The Little Red Schoolhouse' is associated with jolly and carefree youth: brothers, sisters, cousins and neighbors tripping gayly along through the pastures or perhaps a berry-strewn patch picking up little crumbs of knowledge along the way from Nature, the age-old teacher. The country school is the place where, very early in life, little seeds of friendship were first sown; the soil being very fertile they took root and flourished.

When we grow older, we will always remember the school where we were first initated into the vague mysteries of Reading and 'Rithmetic. It will have a multitude of pleasant memories for all of us. Here, we all worked together and the co-operative spirit prevailed throughout the year. I think we really lived under a truly democratic regime. Pupil-made laws were enforced by the pupils who made them.

It has been a great pleasure to work with all of you. You were always willing to lend a helping hand and to do your part in any undertaking. I, for one, will never forget the memorable times we all spent together here at Kiew School.

N. CHMILAR

# V-E Day, May 8th.

## MESSAGE BY HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

Today we give thanks to God for a great deliverance.

Speaking from our Empire's oldest capital city - war-battered but, never for one moment daunted or dismayed - speaking from London, I ask you to join with me in that act of thanks giving.

Germany, who drove all Europe into war, has been finally overcome. In the Far East we have yet to deal with the Japanese, a determined and cruel foe. To this we shall turn with the utmost resolve and with all our resources. But at this hour when the dreadful shadow of war has passed far from our hearths and homes in these islands, we may at last make one pause for thanksgiving, and then we must turn our thoughts to the tasks all over the world which peace in Europe brings with it.

First let us remember those who will not come back: their constancy and courage in battle, their sacrifice and endurance in the face of a merciless enemy; let us remember the men in all the services, the women in the services, who have laid down their lives.

We have come to the end of our tribulations and they are not with us at the moment of our rejoicing.

Next let us salute in proud gratitude the great host of the living who have brought us to victory. I cannot praise them to the measure of each one's service, for in a total war the efforts of all rise to the same noble height and all are devoted to the common purpose. Armed or unarmed, men and women, you have fought and striven and endured to your utmost. None knows that better than I do, and as your King I thank with a full heart those who bore arms so valiantly on land and sea or in the air; and all civilians who, shouldering many burdens, have carried them unflinchingly and without complaint.

With those memories in our minds, let us think what it was that has upheld us through nearly six years of suffering and peril. The knowledge that everything was at stake, our freedom, our independence, our very existence as a people: but the knowledge also that in defending ourselves we were defending the liberties of the whole world: that our cause was the cause not of this nation only, not of empire and commonwealth only, but of every land where freedom is cherished and laws and liberty go hand in hand.

In the darkest hour we knew that enslaved and isolated peoples of Europe looked to us: their hopes were our hopes; their confidence confirmed our faith. We knew that if we failed or faltered the last remaining barrier against a world-wide tyranny would have fallen in

ruins. But we did not falter and we did not fail. We kept faith with ourselves and with one another: we kept faith and unity with our great allies. That faith, that unity have carried us to victory through dangers which at times seemed overwhelming.

So let us resolve to bring to the tasks which lie ahead the same high confidence in our mission. Much hard work awaits us, both in the restoration in our own country after the ravages of war and in helping to restore peace and sanity to a shattered world.

This comes upon us at a time when we have all given of our best. For five long years and more, heart and brain, nerve and muscle have been directed upon the overthrow of Nazi tyranny. Now we turn, fortified by success, to deal with our last remaining foe. The Queen and I know the ordeals which you have endured throughout the Commonwealth and Empire. We are proud to have shared some of them with you and we know also that we shall all face the future together with stern resolve and provet tha our reserves of will power and vitality are inexhaustible.

There is great comfort in the thought that the years together, that the years of darkness and danger in which the children of our country have grown up are, please God, over forever. We shall have failed, and the blood of our dearest will have flowed in vain, if the victory which they died to win does not lead to a lasting peace, founded on justice and established in goodwill. .

To that, then, let us turn our thoughts on this day of just triumph and proud sorrow: and tomorrow take up our work again, resolved as a people to do nothing unworthy of those who died for us and to make the world such a world as they would have desired, for their children and for ours.

This is a task to which now honor binds us. In the hour of danger we humbly committed our cause into the hand of God and he has been our strengt hand shield. Let us thank Him for His mercies and in this hour of victory commit ourselves and our new task to the guidance of the same strong hand.

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If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom, and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more. it will lose that too.

PAPYRUS

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# KIEW SCHOOL JOURNAL

1943 APRIL 1943

# NEW SCHOOL JOURNAL

FEBRUARY 1911

**Teddy Chmilar** is a merry little boy and enjoys school-work. His strong desire, when grown up, is to be a mechanic. Teddy fixes his toys in his spare time.

Born Feb. 10th., 1939

**Walter Yuskow** would like to be a priest when he grows up. His favorite sport is catching jack rabbits. He does not enjoy reading story books.

Born Sept. 21st., 1936

**Catherine Kraychy** is in Grade One. Her ambition is to be a druggist. She's always anxious to go outside and play hopscotch.

Born Aug. 21st., 1937

**Mary Lou Cwihun** is one of our beginners and says she enjoys school work very much. Her favorite sport is skipping. In her spare time at home she makes play houses.

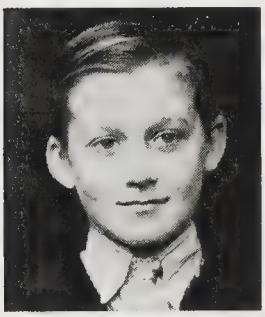
Born Oct. 3rd., 1936

**Nick Yuskow,** Gr. 2. When he grows up he would like to be a policeman. His favorite sport is killing gophers. He does not like schoolwork.

Born Dec. 17th., 1935

**Eddie Duk**, Gr. 2, hopes to be a truck driver when he is big enough. He likes killing gophers in the pasture better than reading in school.

Born April 27th., 1936



**Nick Cymbaluk** Gr. 3. When he grown up he says he's going to be a carpenter. In his spare time he kills gophers. His favorite sport is riding a bike.

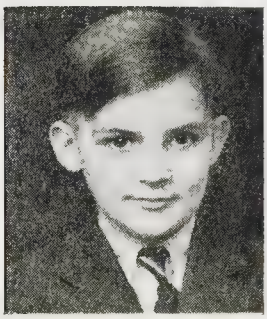
Born Dec. 11th., 1934

**Orest Steblyk**, Gr. 3. likes to ride a bike. He wants to be a policeman. He is interested in schoolwork.

Born May 24th., 1936

**Elsie Ewaschuk** Gr. 3. Her strong desire, when grown up, is to be a teacher. She always finds time to play hopscotch. Favorite saying: Boy, oh, boy!

Born Nov. 29 th., 1935

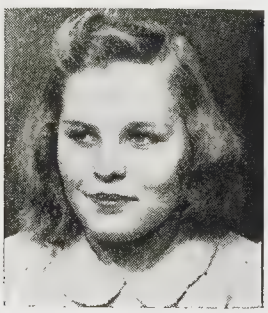


**Victor Sawchuk** Gr. 3. wishes to be a carpenter. Enjoys reading a story book. He's fond of playing ball.

Born April lst., 1936

**Mary Dmyterko** is one of our grade four girls. Her favorite sport is playing hopscotch. She likes coloring pictures.

Born March 26th., 1935



**Ruby Fedyna** Gr. 4. Her ambition is to be a nurse when grown up. She dislikes washing dishes and her hobby is collecting pictures of movie stars.

Born Sept. 12th., 1935

**Victoria Semenovich,** Gr. 4., says she wants to be a teacher. Her favorite sport is playing hopscotch. She dislikes washing dishes and likes schoolwork.

Born May 24th., 1935

**Annie Yuskow,** Gr. 4. She's being initiated into the printing trade. Annie's ambition is to be a nurse. Favorite sport: playing ball.

Born Dec. 17th., 1932

**Lillian Bushko,** Gr. 5., is one of our printers. She likes playing soft ball and hasn't made up her mind what to be when she grows up.

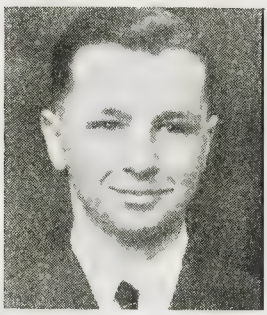
Born July 16th., 1933

**Victoria Sawchuk** Gr. Five, is also one of our printers. She likes playing ball and wants to be a nurse.

Born April 7th., 1933

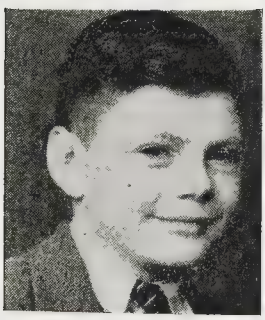
**Peter Yuskow** Gr. 5, intends to be a farmer. His favorite sport is playing ball. In his spare time in school works in the basement.

Born June 19th. 1930



**Orest Duk** Gr. 5., wants to be a farmer. His favorite sport is reading funny papers. He likes to work with wood.

Born July 25th., 1929



**John Steblyk** Gr. 6, would like to join the Air Force. His favorite sport is working with a tractor. In his spare time in school he works in the basement.

Born Oct. 31st. 1932

**Elizabeth Duk** Gr. 6, wants to be a nurse. Pastime: milking cows. In her spare time reads a story book.

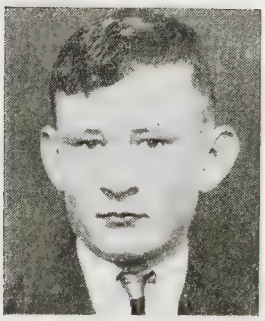
Born Feb. 1st. 1930

**Billy Yaremko** Gr.6, wants to be a carpenter. When he has nothing to do he sits down to read a news paper. He's interested in school work.

Born March 12th., 1930

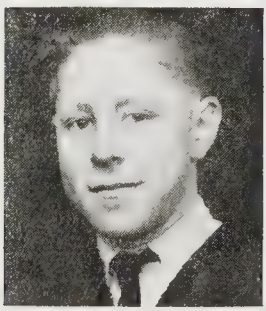
**John Dmyterko** Gr. 7, would like to be a doctor when grown up. He likes playing ball. Dislikes Arithmetic and Social Studies.

Born Nov. 6th. 1931



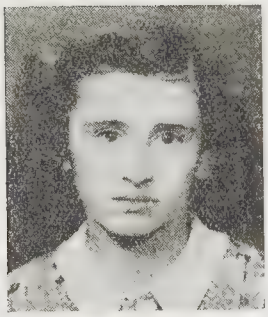
**Mike Horon** Gr. 7, intends to be a farmer in just a few years. His favorite sport is skating. He dislikes Arithmetic.

Born Oct. 31st. 1931



**Walter Kuchik** Gr. 7, would like to be a mechanic when grown up. His favorite sport is riding a bike. In his spare time in school he works in the basement.

Born Nov. 6th. 1930

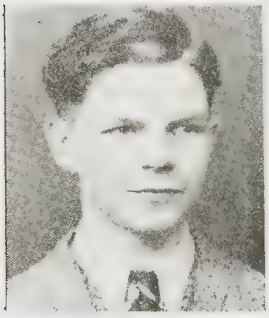


**Elsie Bushko** Gr. 7. Editor of Kiew Memories, Kiew School Journal and Secretary of the Students' Council Second Term, Elsie's ambition is to be a teacher. Her hobby is sewing. Favorite sport: riding a bike. Elsie is one of the printers.

Born July 16th., 1933

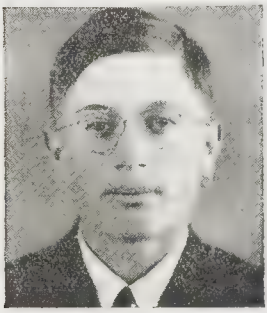
**Olga Cymbaluk** Gr. 7. Sub - Editor of Kiew Memories, Kiew School Journal, Olga is also one of our printers. Her favorite sport is riding a bike. She is one of the members of the Students' Council.

Born Dec. 31st., 1932



**John Sawchuk** Gr. 8. John wants to be a mechanic. Favorite sport: skating. John was Chairman of the Students' Council Second Term and Secretary of the Newspaper Com.

Born Oct. 28th., 1929



**Peter Ewaschuk** Gr. 8. In his spare time in school he works in the basement. He dislikes Mathematics. Peter was Chairman of the Woodworkers Club and Chairman of the Students' Council Second Term.

Born Aug. 19th., 1930

**Marie Anne Chmilar's** ambition is to be a cowgirl. Her favorite sport is skipping. Marie Anne has natural curly hair and brown eyes.

**Joe Dmyterko** is another beginner. He's a very bright boy and can read circles around the rest of his classmates. Joe was sick at the time we had our pictures taken and we are sorry to see his picture missing.

## My Black Pony

I lost my little pony, I lost him to-day-
My heart is so sad, and the day is so grey.
He was a black little pony, with a grey silver tail.
Both of us often went for the mail.

He was a jolly fellow with a gay little heart;
He'd take us to school in the red painted cart.
His harness is hanging on the barn wall;
But there is no pony in the wee little stall.

ELIZABETH DUK GRADE SIX

A hammer is handy
And one or two nails.
I am going to borrow
And return to-morrow.

OREST STEBLYK GRADE THREE

## Warrior's Return

The sky is blue and the sea is gold. The man on the ship is facing the shore. There is anxiety on his face. He cannot sleep nor sit in bed, but keeps thinking of Mother and his good old Dad. The ship surges on through the waves. He can see more clearly now. Slowly the ship docks. At last he sets his foot on the land that is home.

OREST DUK Grade Five

## Singing and Ringing

The bird was singing
And the bell was ringing.
It sat on the tree-
Singing to me,
A little song
Yodelling along.

VICTOR SAWCHUK Ggade Three

OLGA CYMABALUK

ELSIE BUSHKO

VICTORIA SAWCHUK

LILLIAN BUSHKO

## Printers 1944 - 45

There's a hum and a rattle, a clash and a clank -
'Tis the school press we hear:
Four girls, our printers are at it again,
Printing our souvenir.

There's ink on their faces and some on their noses;
They're busy as bees in May,
Setting type, pulling proofs, running this way and that
The page must be finished to-day.

Hurrah! for the printers, they toil day and night.
To sum up events of the year,
We'll always remember them by this book,
Hats off to the Printers, we cheer!

## There Are Such Things

Oh, happy Kiew school,
Where pupils make the rule.
There are such things.

With welcome smile,
Teacher greets us once in a while.
There are such things.

What ever we shall learn to-day,
We won't forget from day to day.
There are such things.

No rod or hickory stick,
Is used in Arithmetic.
There are such things.

Each day is bright
From morning till night.
There are such things.

OREST DUK

WITH APOLOGIES TO AMANDA DUSSEAULT OF VIMY

## Our Skating Rink

Last winter my brother and I decided to buy skates. When we were fortunate to get them we realized we had no place to go skating. The other boys and girls went skating on some ice which was too far away from home, so dad promised to make a skating rink if we'd help. We both agreed to help.

We decided to make the rink on the lawn between the house and the pump. We proceeded at once to shovel the snow off and block up the edges. Then we carried some water by hand and poured it over the grass. We were so anxious to have the rink that we couldn't wait for the first coat to freeze well before applying the next one.

Father saw we were making very little head-way and decided to let the engine replace hand power in pumping. We found some pipes and connected them to the pump. Then all we had to do was to watch the engine pump the water.

Soon our ice was ready and many a wonderful evening did we spend on it. We are sure to have a rink every winter now that we know how much fun it is.

OLGA CYMBALUK

## Lone Ranger Adventure

One placid winter day, as the children were dismissed early from school, I asked a friend of mine to come home with me. After a hurried lunch we decided to go on a Lone Ranger adventure.

I was the Lone Ranger, and named my horse, "Silver." My friend played my Indain companion, "Tonto" and named his horse, "Scout".

"Come on Silver, and Get - um - up Scout," rang out through the air and we went racing across the field to another country. We rode on for quite a long time without seeing anything, but soon we spied a suspicous looking band of horses coming toward us. Pretending they were a band of outlaws, we ducked into some shrubs, dismounted and were soon hidden.

In a short time the outlaws approached. We sprang and I shouted "Stop". This got the horses frightened and they sped away.

We continued seeking adventure, and trying to bring the outlaws to justice. But too soon it began to get dark, so with another cry of "Come on Silver" we started on the trail for home.

MIKE HORON

## Fire! Fire!

One day as I was waiting at Lavoy for my mother and dad, a car came up and parked alongside.

As soon as it stopped, I noticed tongues of flames shooting from underneath the hood. The man and lady jumped out of the car in a hurry.

All at once people came running from all directions to see the car. Some people in the hotel who saw what happened, grabbed the fire extinguishers and ran to the scene of the fire.

A man came along and took our truck aside, as it was quite windy and all the smoke was going towards it. In about half an hour the fire was put out, and the car was taken to the garage.

ELIZABETH DUK

## Division One 1942 - 43

TOP ROW LEFT TO RIGHT ANNIE YUSKOW, OREST DUK, LILLIAN BUSHKO. SECOND ROW VICTORIA SEMENOVICH, MARY DMYTERKO, RUBY FEDYNA, LUCY WYSHYNSKI, NICK CYMBALUK, VICTOR WYSHYNSKI, RIFST ROW EDDIE DUK, NICK YUSKOW, FLORENCE FEDYNA ELSIE EWASCHUK, VICTOR SAWCHUK OREST STEBLYK.

## The Mail Box

One mild day in winter my friend and I were out selling tickets. At the gate of a farmer's house we noticed a flag fastened behind a mail box. On our way back from the house we were overcome with curiosity to know how the flag was fastened, and were soon examining it. I drew the box open. The flag sprang upward and struck my friend under the chin. Then we noticed that there was a spring under the box fastened to the flag from the door. When the box is opened the flag springs up. This invention turned out to be a good remedy for such unnecessary curiousity as we had.

JOHN DMYTERKO

## Division Three 1942 - 43

ZONNIA DMYTERKO is taking Grade Nine in Beauvallon. HELEN SOKALSKI is staying home helping her mother. MIKE SOKALSKI is now living in Vancouver. STEVE KUCHIK is taking Grade Ten in Vegreville. JACK YUSKOW is staying home helping his dad. PETER STEBLEK is taking Grade Nine in Vegreville.

## A Visit to the City

We decided to go to Edmonton
One fine day in September
It was a most exciting trip
A trip I will remember.

We started early in the morning
And arrived there before noon.
To dinner first, and then the park
To see the peacocks and raccoon.

The deers were very friendly
To everybody there;
The wolves looked very fierce
And I dare not go near.

We went to see the monkeys
Who were busy chewing gum.
The bears were eating bread crusts
And I also gave them some.

The ducks and geese were swimming
In the water crystal blue;
But all too soon we had to leave
Our friendly animals at the zoo.

We got into the car and hurried
To the shops our purchasing to do
Shoes, tools, school supplies
And candies of every hue.

The elevators and escalators
Were all wonderful to me,
And many other exquisite things
I had always longed to see.

Evening found us hurrying home.
And Edmonton was gone from sight:
Slow travelling through a night of fog
Brought us home quite late that night.

ELSIE BUSHKO

## Our Summer School

In 1944 we finished school, and started our Ukrainian Summer School. We enjoyed it very much.

Sister Jeremian and Sister Stefania were our teachers.

They taught us religion, Ukrainian lanuage. reading and a concert.

The last day of school we had a picnic. We ran and won prizes. When everyone was tired and hungry, we decided to have lunch. We had roasted weners, icecream, soft drinks and oranges.

In the evening all the children went to confession. The next day in church we received Holy Communion.

After Mass the people had dinner which was served in the hall by the ladies. After dinner the children had their pictures taken.

In the evening we had our concert. All the parents were anxious to see what their children had learned during the two weeks.

Our parents all agreed that the concert was a real success.

VICTORIA SAWCHUK Grade Five

The sky is blue,
The sea is deep
I sit by the roadside
Until it's time to sleep.
When the sky is blue,
It's nice and clear;
The birds sing all day
And lovely songs I hear.

NICK YUSKOW Grade Two

# OUR GUESTS

The Staff instrumental in producing, "Kiew Memories" will realize that their hard work, planning, co-operation and good will tends to a definite aim. The contents of the 1943-44 Memories illustrate the possibilities that could be achieved in preparing, even at their Teen Age, our boys and girls to take their place successfully in our present complex society. The Annual production of such a booklet, undoubtedly acquaints the pupils with the difficulties that must be faced and overcome whenever a group of people are asked to work in an organized manner, thus giving them a firm foundation to face the greater and more intricate machinery which they will find in Society. Hence such projects as you have begun in your school are to be encouraged, and if possible started in other school districts.

The stress, at the present, is for our Educational System to give us men and women who can readily take their place in our society as active members. We are living in a Christian Society that is dear to us, a society which as Christians we must protect, strenghten and develop. The Kiew School Unit stresses respect for the laws of morality that must be found in every community, district and nation, therefore they are God's faithful servants who are using their energies to perfect God's plan for us here on earth. The pupils and staff of the School District of Kiew accomplish this high task by moulding their character on Christian virtues of Charity, Justice, Patieice, Wisdom and Prudence. Christian Faith is the key to all their undertakings and success

crowns their efforts. Bearing this in mind I cannot forbear, a brief acknowledgment to the zeal and enterprise shown by the Kiew pupils and its management in their clarity of vision for the future welfare and progress of our country.

BASIL V. LADYKA
BISHOP OF UKRAINIAN CATHOLICS OF CANADA

Publication of a school booklet such as "Kiew Memories," produced by the pupils in their own school, is a distinct mark of initiative which indicates not only a high degree of efficiency and ability but also a splendid spirit of enterprise on the part of the teacher and pupils alike.

The most splendid thing we can do is to be good Canadians for, indeed, regardless of our racial origins, we are Canadians all. While we may be justly proud of the English, Scottish, Irish, Ukrainian or other stock from which we have have come, it is ours to remember that Canada is now our home; that Canada provides not only opportunities through which we may live in happiness, peace and security but protection to safe-guard our homes and property. We are all proud to belong to the great federation of free people which comprise Canada and the British Commonwealth of Nations.

"Kiew Memories" will preserve remembrances of your school days - the happiest of childhood's moments; those hours when first we learned how to live in friendliness with our neighbors and fellow pupils.

ERNEST C. MANNING.
PREMIER.

# OUR GUESTS

Your year book, "Kiew Memories," proved a delightful surprise to me. It never occurred to me, as I glanced through the well-arranged pages, that the printing and binding of this fine booklet were done by young people in the elementary grades. You are doing a job worthy of much older children, and you are doing it very well. I wish to congratulate you on the high quality of your publication and to wish you success in your future issues.

"Kiew Memories" is more than just a record of the year's activities, for in the booklet I find a spirit and an attitude which are most commendable. Your Students' Council, with members elected from all three divisions of the elementary school, is an excellent example of democracy in action. To make your own rules and then to see that they are obeyed is the best lesson in citizenship. Another attractive feature is the description of the life of the early settlers in your district. Boys and girls who know of the hardships endured by their parents in setting up new homes in a new land will always try to be worthy sons and daughters of such pioneers. They can learn much about courage and determination from those people who built their homes and farms with little more than their bare hands.

I am sure that all of you students of Kiew School are proud of the co-operative enterprise which your yearbook represents. Working together on this permanent record must give you as much pleasure and satisfaction as I have gained from reading its contents.

G. F. McNALLY

DEPUTY MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

# OUR FRIENDS

The general character and scope of your present activities will fairly well indicate your future usefulness and importance in social and citizen life. Your systematized efforts under teachers' guidance will assure you of progress and success in your chosen careers.

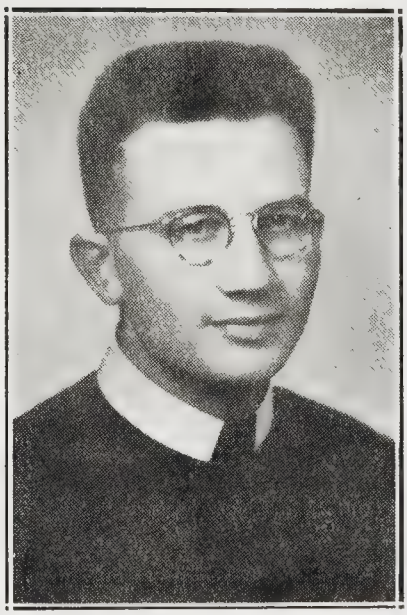
School means to you a "preparatory period" which is calculated to qualify each individual for an exemplary life, therefore your attitude towards your school, your teacher and towards your fellow pupils will have a very important bearing upon your future efforts in choosing the right or the wrong means of attaining your purpose or goal.

As I have witnessed your diligence and persistence in such undertakigs as the monthly periodicals you have been issuing where team-work and combined efforts brought individual contributions to effect such splendid results I venture upon this basis to predict that such harmonious cooperation will render it possible for you to establish yourselves in stronger team-work within your communities as future proprietors, landowners, proffessionals or statesmen.

I deem it a privilege to express my feelings of pride at the sight of your present accomplishments and wish to congratulate the teacher and children of Kiew School for their strenuous and proud undertaking. My sincere wish to you all is - Success.

FR. G. CHMILAR O.S.B.M.

# OUR FRIENDS



We are leading a life of one continuous struggle which is ever balancing in the scales of life and death. It is a struggle between the good and the evil forces; it is a struggle where good and bad strive to dominate one another. Ours is the life to preserve justice against a flying tack le of injustice; it is a formidable combat to get under the sway of truth in the face of a defying falsehood. To be shrewd in the matter of our choice as to the means of combating the evil and corrupted agencies which ever encounter us in this contending struggle, we seek a strategem, safe and trustworthy, that pledges to carry us through unscathed. This trustworthy weapon is wisdom, which should show itself, not so much in precept as in life; which teaches us to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.

It is a delightful task of the teacher to rear the tender thought, to teach the young ideas how to shoot, to pour fresh instruction over the mind; to breathe the enliveing spirit, and to lix the generous purpose in the glowing heart. The hardships of a teacher may be that of hammering on cold iron. Sometimes a teacher forces himself to write with his left hand, thus enabling himself to remember that a child is all left hand. Teachers also bear in mind that children are like vases with narrow necks into which you may pour little or pour much, but much will not enter at a time. Therefore a teacher does not continually thunder instructions into the ears of his pupils, as if he were pouring it through a funnel, but induces them to think and distinquish, thus accommodating everything to their capacity. Alexander of Macedon

# OUR FRIENDS

seems to be well justified in stating that he is indebted to his father for living, but to his teacher for living well.

In concluding this message, I wish to extend my sincere wishes and hearty congratulations to the teacher, Mr. Nestor Chmilar, for his extensive and instructive work in teaching, and simultaneously, I regard it a privilege to send a message of acknowledgement to the pupils for their co-operation and team-work.

FR. SEBASTIAN KURYLO O.S.B.M.

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Life is full of hopes. There is one we all have in common. It is the main hope of every one of us. We all wish to attain happiness and success. Deeply rooted in every human being is a strong desire for happiness and rightly so. Joy is our birthright-joy in this life and hereafter.

Life is very complex. In the course of your experience in the years to come you will come across various ideals and so called doctrines which, though entirely opposed to each other, shall hold promises to realize your quest for happiness. You will, perhaps, be at loss in discerning which course to take - so keep this in mind: The only road that to a worthwhile life of happiness and enduring contentment is the one which has the moral and civil laws as it's sign - posts. Your conscience will point it out for you.

In closing I wish to repeat the same advice as quoted by His Majesty the King in his Christmass Broadcast some years ago:

"I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year: 'Give me a light that I tread safely into the unknown.' And he replied: 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'"

May that Almighty Hand guide and uphold you all.

FATHER BERNARD, O. S. B. M.

## A WORD FROM OUR PRESIDENTS

The year just ending, was the most enjoyable and profitable year of all. There are many reasons why we shall never forget our short ten months at Kiew School: the time we boys worked in the basement while the girls printed our School Journal and Year Book. Neither shall we forget the softball games and club swinging.

We succeeded in printing the Kiew School Journal and publishing our Year Book "Kiew Memories" a worthy souvenir of our happy school days.

PETER EWASCHUK
CHAIRMAN - STUDENTS' COUNCIL
SECOND TERM

The ten months of the last term at Kiew School are the happiest days of all.

The Students' Union is a successful organization in Kiew School. It shouldn't be forgotten for the good work it has done.

In future years we do not know where we will be but we do know that wherever we are Kiew Memories will always be our most treasured book.

We thank all the pupils who were always ready and willing to co-operate with us and help us to undertake the tasks ahead.

JOHN SAWCHUK
CHAIRMAN - STUDENTS' COUNCIL
FIRST TERM

## STUDENTS' COUNCIL First Term

John Sawchuk
PRESIDENT

Billy Yaremko
SECRETARY

## STUDENTS' COUNCIL Second Term

Peter Ewaschuk
PRESIDENT

Elsie Bushko
SECRETARY

# The Woodworkers Club

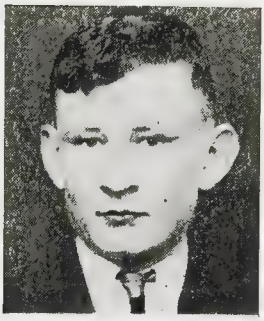
JOHN STEBLYK

WALTER KUCHIK

PETER EWASCHUK

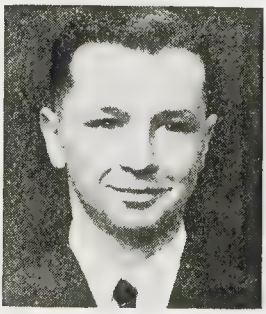
PETER YUSKOW

JOHN SAWCHUK



MIKE HORON

NICK CYMBALUK



OREST DUK

BILLY YAREMKO

## THE WOODWORKERS

The year 1945 had been a very busy year to the woodworkers, for they spent most of their spare time in the basement with the wood working tools.

The boys started some perliminary work on the lathe and jig-saw, making flower-stands, tie-racks, end-tables, ash-trays and bcok-racks.

Later in the year we procured a plane and a saw.

Some of the boys show much talent in working with wood and many a time came very early in the morning to work on their projects.

PETER EWASCHUK & BILLY YAREMKO

## Kiew's First Woodworkers - 1942-43

JOHN STEFLYK, JOHN DMYTERKO, JOHN SAWCHUK, STEVE KUCHIK, MIKE SOKALSKI, WALTER KUCHIK, JACK YUSKOW, MIKE HORON, PETER STEBLYK, BILLY YAREMCO, AND PETER EWASCHUK.

When first organized the club had only a few tools to work with. Now we have a power lathe, jig-saw, band-saw, jointer and circular saw at our disposal. The boys are becoming well aquainted with the care and use of these tools and some will very likely adopt woodworking as a life-time hobby - and a fascinating hobby it is.

## Our Hike

One fine summer day our teacher asked the children to go on a hike. We were thrilled with the idea and anxious to go. We decided to have two boys drive the buggies with the lunch, while we walked picking flowers along the way as teacher promised a prize for the best boquet.

We were very thirsty when we reached the store and stopped for refreshments. We walked on for another two miles and found a nice spot of green grass where we decided to stop for dinner. After dinner teacher asked the girls to sing one song and the boys to sing one song. We were well rested by this time and resumed our walk till we got to Krasne School. The children were very happy to see us. We decided to have a ball game. After the ball game we started on our journey back. On the way we found a flowing spring. We stopped to have our lunch beside it.

After lnuch we continued on the trail for home. While walking we talked about many interesting things.

It was quite late in the evening when we reached home, all tired out in body but happy in spirits.

WALTER KUCHIK GRADE SEVEN

## Signs of Spring

Spring is just around the corner. The snow is melting away. The birds are coming back to build their nests.

The crows are first to be back. The gophers are seeking food. The farmers will soon be out with their plows. The women will be out working on their gardens.

The signs of spring have some meaning to the boys who are busily working on the ball diamond in preparation for coming games now that the snow is gone.

VICTORIA SAWCHUK Grade Five

## Gems from Division One

### My Dog

My dog is black:
His name is Jack.
He is very nice
'Cause he catches mice.

EDDIE DUK Grade Two

### My Kitten

My kitten is black:
It's name is Mack.
It plays in the hay
And sleeps on the sleigh.

OREST STEBLYK Grade Three

### My Cat

I have a little cat,
It sleeps on a mat.
It's a nice little thing,
And always plays with a string.

ELSIE EWASGHUK Grade Three

## A Trip To Jasper Park

One year during the middle of July my parents decided to take my sister, brother and me to Jasper Park. My youngest brother stayed home with Auntie to do the chores while we were away.

Early on Monday morning we started out. We travelled through Edmonton, Stony Plain and Romeo Lake. Towards nightfall we reached Wolf Creek Auto Camp. There we spent the night with the hum of the river in our ears. The next day after travelling a few hours we reached the point from where we could see the snow - capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

Before we reached the town of Jasper we detoured to Miette Hot Spring. The water came down from two enormous mountains. It ran through pipes which were heated by large torches. Then it was conveyed over very fine screens where it was cleaned. After a refreshing bath we resumed our journey.

By six o'clock we reached Jasper. We went to see a statue of a bear lighted up with electricity. Next we visited a rock that was very white and was as large as an automobile. After a meal we went to a hotel we spent the night.

Next day we visited Moligne Canyon. It was surrounded by mountains. The entrance was very narrow with sharp curves. When this hazardous road was ended we came to the shores of Moligne Lake. We went a little ways along the shore until we came to a boat. After a ride in the boat we went to see a spring emptying into a little creek that flowed into the lake. The spring was surrounded by large fir trees.

Our next visit was the Athabaska Falls. The noise of the falls could be heard a great distance, as the water fell over very large rocks. There were guards to watch so that no one would come too near to the water. Sometimes a log would flow up and go over the rim of the falls; probably only chips could be left when it came to the bottom.

The trip to Jasper over, we told all our friends

CONTINUED ON THE LAST PAGE

## My Garden

One spring as my mother was planting a garden, I asked her whether she would let me plant one of my own. Mother agreed, so I asked her for some seeds. She gave me pumpkin, lettuce, cabbage, tomatoes, turnips, onions, potatoes, and peas. Then I brought my spade, hoe, rakes and started planting my garden. I planted pumpkin, turnips and lettuce; then the tomatoes, cabbage and onions. Lastly I planted potatoes and peas.

Everything grew well in my garden except the peas. One afternoon I came to see my garden and looked at my peas. They were about one and a half inches high. The next day I came to look again. There were no peas left. I never found out what happened to them.

ELSIE EWASCHUK Grade Three

## Spring!

Spring is coming, it's here at last,
I saw a Blue jay build her nest.

She laid brown eggs three,
High up in the apple tree.

Oh! spring is here at last,
That's the season I like best.

LILLIAN BUSHKO Grade Five

## Christmas

**C** is for candy
There's less this year.

**H** is for holly
That hangs on the tree.

**R** is for the ribbon
Our presents to tie.

**I** is for ivory white hankies
On Christmas we buy.

**S** is for the snow
So shiny and white.

**T** is for the tree
That's sparkling so bright!

**M** is for Mary
The mother of Jesus.

**A** is for the apple
That's put in your stocking.

**S** is for Santa Claus
Who comes through the chimney hopping.

OLGA CYMBALUK

## The First Noel

The first Noel the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

## Christmas

Christmas is the time for fun
You take your sleds and off you run.
Santa comes to us this day
He makes us happy, bright, and gay.

There are candies and some chocolates too
All this is for sister and for you,
There are candles red and green
Oh, Christmas is a wonderful scene!

ELSIE BUSHKO

## Our Christmas Program

The Christmas program of the Student's Union was held on Dec. 22nd. 1944. The following items were presented:

1. O Canada!
2. Recitation - Marie Anne Chmilar.
3. Hark! The Herald Angels Sing - everybody.
4. Silent Night - Olga C. and Lillian B.
5. Recitation - Ruby Fedyna.
6. Deck the Hall - all the girls.
7. Recitation - Elsie Ewaschuk.
8. Xmas Bells - Lillian B. ,Ruby F.
9. Recitation - Nick Cymbaluk.
10. Song - John Steblyk, Peter Ewaschuk.
11. Recitation - Mary Dmyterko.
12. Ukrainian Song - all.
13. Recitation - Nick Yuskow.
14. Reading - Peter Yuskow.
15. The Christmas Cradle Song - Grade Four.
16. Recitation - Marshall Cymbaluk.
17. Oh, my darling Clementine - Billy Y., Walter K. and John D.
18. Recitation - Mary Cwihun.
19. Solo - Orest Duk.
20. Solo - Elizabeth Duk.
21. God Save The King.

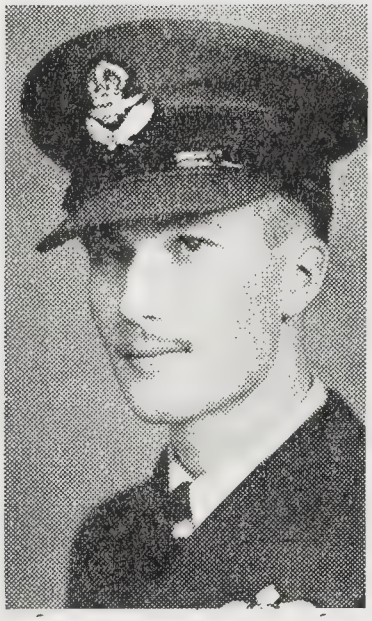
**Today is April 25th., Anno Domini. This page goes to press with the purpose of recording for posterity momentous world events transpiring in our time.**

The civilized world mourns the death of a great man - Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, whe died April 12th.

The seige of the Nazi Capital of Berlin is on. The Soviet armies are gradually closing in on the city. It will not be long now. . . .

The Allied armies are crossing the River Po in Italy. The German forces are giving way to unretentless pressure by the Allies.

To-day, the great San Fransciso Conference is scheduled to begin with an opening address by President Truman, successor to the late President Roosevelt. Will the conference plan out a method to give the world Permanent peace henceforth? It is the prayer of every peace-loving heart on earth that they will.



Our deepest sympathy is with the family and parents of Flying Officer Mike Ewaschuk who was reported missing in action towards the end of winter.

Mike was born in Edmonton May 2nd,. 1920. He attended public school at Kiew and finished High School in Vegreville, graduating in 1938. In 1940 he graduated from Edmonton Normal School and taught the ensuing term at Mayerthorpe. He joined the R.C.A.F. August 14th., 1941 and went overseas in August, 1944.

## Christmas in Norway and Sweden

On the day before Christmas men and women go out to cut down Christmas trees. The girls stay home to scrub the floors, polish the furniture, and to hang up their prettiest curtains, for the house must be clean and bright this jolliest season.

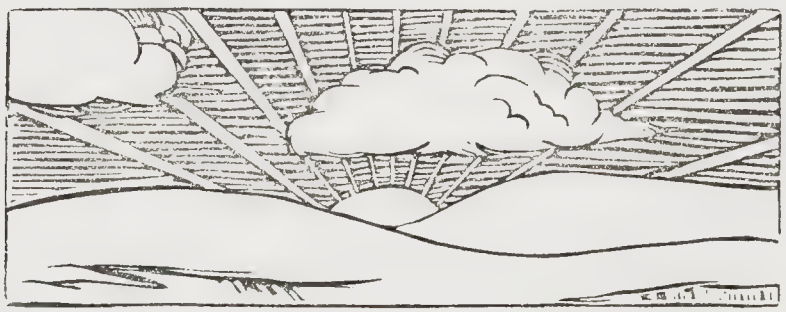
When they bring the tree into the house it is taken to the the nicest room and is trimmed with shiny wreaths and ornaments.

The gifts are put on the branches and some under the tree. Then little pieces of spruce are scattered on the floor to make the room smell sweet and fresh. In the evening little lamps are put up in the window to make the people happy when they go past the houses.

On Christmas everybody dresses in there best clothes and in the evening they all go to church. Each person takes a torch or a long candle to light on the way to church. When they come out of church they race home, for they say the one who comes home first will have good crops on his farm the next year.

In the morning the whole family sits around the table looking at their gifts. As soon as breakfast is over the horses and cows are given their Christmas food. They get carrots, hay, and other things that they like. Then a sheaf of wheat is tied to a long pole so that the birds could come and have their breakfast also.

ELIZABETH DUK



# INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN

## [ William Steblyk ]

A VILLAGE: AND HEART CEASES THROBBING.
A VILLAGE IN OUR UKRAINE LOVING
NOTHING, SAVE PARADISE EXCEEDS
IN BEAUTY.....

T. SHEVCHENKO.

It was Sunday afternoon early in May, 1901. The quaint little village of Lysianka, resposing on either bank of the winding Styr, breathed quiet lassitude. The village folk, attired in their gay and colorful costume, were gathered about the ancient village church almost obscured by giant branching oaks and cool, shady lindens.

Holy Mass was just over and true to traditional custom they lingered beside the church, for the purpose of passing along bits of gossip or a mere exchange of platitudes. But today, even a stranger might have sensed a feeling of excitement in this group. Rumours had spread that Peter Yarema, a youthful and well - beloved member of the community together with his beautiful young bride Nastia, had decided to leave their native village to seek their fortune in that lately much talked - of land far overseas. His sturdy features aglow with anticipation of a great adventure ahead, and with his strong, sun - browned arm about the firm, determined shoulders of his young wife, Peter was the centre of this Sunday crowd of folks young and old, all pressing about him, vieing with each other in asking myriads of questions or offering a hundred bits of caution and advice. The young couple could be hardly heard in this babble where all talked at once, realizing that this was the last time they had Nastia and Peter in their midst.

Even Mo, proprietor of the local pub and the village usurer, quite contrary to the habits of his race was also here, though outside the fence but with his eyes glued to a knothole and his ear cocked to snatch bits of conversation. As one of his very rare customers he did not like Peter, and as a matter of fact, did not care in the least where Peter was going or what he intended to do, but Nastia had received as her dowry, alittle plot of land adjoining Mo's, and this was what interested him mostly. He felt sure he could contrive to scheme it away from her, providing she would only consider him in the light of a buyer.

Later that same afternoon, having finished their humble meal, Peter and Nastia came out of their neat little thatched cottage to sit on an old stone bench in front of it. In silence, they gazed at the beauty of the little village that had been the only home they knew. Somehow the vista in front of them seemed to cast a spell over both, for they sat in reverend silence, contemplating the generosity with which nature lavished rare beauty upon this country . . . if but one could make a decent living in this, already overpopulated region, and the words of the great poet, Shevchenko, recurred to them over and over . . . . . A Village . . . . .

Hazarding a guess at Nastia's thoughts, Peter spoke, "Nastia, dear, it is still not too late. Should we change our minds? Look at the wordless beauty of this village, our village, where both of us were born and raised- at these flowering orchards alive with the newly- returned birds. See those stately old oak trees across the river there, within whose shade rest the tired souls of our forefathers. By all probability we shall never be able to see them again ever. We are venturing forth to a land, who knows . . . . ."

Nastia raised intelligent brown eyes in which a lurking muscle had begun to twitch for a moment, but her lovely face immediately took on that sober and persuasive expression which together with its rare and innocent beauty, perhaps a descendant of one who may have in times past been a guide and inspiration to some hero of which her country produced so many; found no difficulty in persuading Peter, who, although untutored, possessed a stout heart and a naturally intelligent and appreciative mind. It was neither fear nor uncertainty of the future in that new land on the other side of the globe, but the innate love of his native land that made him hesitate for a moment.

"'Tis true, Peter, that our gracious Creator has granted us the most beautiful and productive soil in all Europe, but through no fault of His, it has become a curse on us because our greedy neighbours, to whom God was not so generous, have chosen our land as their sphere of expansion and enrichment and have made it for ages, a battleground of Europe, and it seems that it will remain as such for many years to come. We have but very little land and will never have any means with which to buy any more, working for the landlord at the average wages of twelve cents a day. The two of us could manage to make a wretched living so long as we are able to do a full day's hard work, but, Peter," continued Nastia, a faint blush creeping upwards from her round white throat, "We will someday, I hope, have a family to provide for. Must their future be the wretched life of the youngsters over here, without the faintest hope for any education or vocational training?"

At this moment the little front gate creaked as the elderly parish priest gently pushed it open. He advanced with the faltering step of the aged, towards the young couple, saluting them with the usual 'Hail Jesus Christ', to which both responded rising from their bench with 'Hail forever'. The venerable old man had been a frequent and always welcome visitor at the neat little cottage of Yarema's, Peter being a chairman of the local Temperance Union and Nastia a leading soprano in the church choir; but there was no meeting of any kind scheduled for today, consequently the visit was rather unexpected. Nastia immediately asked Father courteously indoors, but the old padre replied that his visit would be of but a brief duration, and besides, the afternoon was so lovely that it

would be a pleasure to stay outside and talk for a while. He seated himself on a bench brought for him from the house by Nastia and proceeded with the purpose of his call.

"Is it true, my children that you intend to leave us to migrate to that unknown wilderness called Canada?"

Yes, Reverend Father, we have decided to go as soon as we dispose of our meagre belongings here which will not take us more than two or three days", said Peter.

Padre looked at them both in a fatherly way and then said in a low voice, "You are both young and impulsive. You may have the best of intentions, but you have had only little experience in life, and I hope you will accept the advice of a man who has been the spiritual advisor of these village souls for the last forty years, one who has baptized you both and recently united you in holy wedlock. Canada is a new and a wild country, recently wrested from its savage occupants, without any roads, towns, schools or churches in the western part of it which they want to colonize with our people, knowing that we are a hardy race accustomed to hard labor to eke out our existence. Although Canada is an English colony, English people find the difficulties so overwhelming that in spite of all encouragement and material assistance by the government, they still consider the Canadian West to be the great semi-arid and windswept steppes where the ground is frozen and covered deep with snow for six months of the year, and so they are quite reluctant to settle there.

If you had the necessary means, you could probably start a cattle ranch over there or buy horses and machinery and start cultivating land but I am sure you will not have much left after you pay the transportation to your so-called promised land. Besides, why should such adventurous and courageous youth personified by such as you Peter, go to another side of the globe to wrest a living from the wilderness instead of joining hands with the millions like yourself to free our native land which is flowing with milk and honey from the hands of ous enemies? Why not become masters instead of being slaves and reap the bounteous produce from our soil? Think of it children before you leave."

There was silence for a moment, and then Peter raised his downcast eyes towards his wife's as if for guidance, and noticing an unshaken resolution in them, said, "No, Father, we are decided already and will go no matter what happens. We have nothing to lose and, since we are accustomed to hard work, I am sure, that with God's blessing we shall suceed. It is true that our country needs fighters for its freedom, but I like peace, which I am sure will not be with us here for decades to come. In the new country which is under the strong arm of Britain, we certainly will find permanent peace and freedom of speech, faith and enterprize, and great opportunities for an honest worker. They also give away free, large par-

cels of land, and one may choose from grassy plains, forest, or meadow land. Please do not discurage us Father as we have made up our minds."

The reverend old man rose from his seat and in order to divert their attention from his bespectacled eyes shining with tears of admiration for these two stout hearts, picked up a cherry blossom and pretended to inhale for a moment, the fragrant aroma of the flower.

"Well, then," he said "I see it is quite useless to try to dissuade you but remember this, my children; that in your new adopted fatherland, even if you succeed and prosper there, do not forget the Faith of your fathers and teach your offspring to love besides their new fatherland, the land of their predecessors, and give it all the spiritual assistance they can until it is a free country also."

Nastia, who had been sitting quietly in humble attention, now spoke up, "You may rest assured Father that as long as we live, we will carry your last words of advice deep in our hearts. And now Father, do us a final favor The task before us is great, and nothing will render us greater help in trying moments than your fatherly blessing."

The young couple kneeled before the priest, who with his arms raised before him, solemnly pronounced. "Almightly God Who have led Your Chosen people to the Promised Land and have also shielded our forefathers throughout so many centuries from the savage Asiatic hordes, heed the prayer of Thy humble servant and extend Thy generous blessing to Thy servants Peter and Nastia, and let Thy Grace attend their enterprize in the New World."

After making a sign of the Holy Cross over them, he produced from the folds of his garments a tiny crucifix, and giving it to Nastia, said, "In your trying moments, if everything else fails, turn to this for help in true faith and your burdens will be greatly relieved".

Several days later, Yarema's, having disposed of their tiny estate, selling most of it to their relatives, were speeding westwards on a train to their unknown destination.

The journey from Lwiw to the Belgian port of Antwerp was uneventful. Yarema's met on the way many more semi-exiles like themselves leaving their country for the unknown. For the first time they saw such large cities as Vienna, Munich and others, admiring the beauty, cleanliness and orderliness of Germany and Belgium

In Antwerp they embarked on a small German tramp steamer and after eighteen days of unendurable misery, again felt the solid earth under their feet in Halifax. Many times their hopes met with bitter disappointments before they reached Winnipeg. The wilds of Northern Ontario were still covered with snow and that thousand mile stretch of dreary rock and muskeg inspired a bitter

dislike for Canada and all its imaginary wealth. To add to their disillusionment, they understood not a single word of the unfamiliar English language. There was no one to explain to them that they were soon to emerge from the rocky waste and arrive on a rich prairie steppe with soil which in richness and productivity compared favorably with that of their native land.

Four decades later, Nastia, although worn with age and hard labor but with brilliant and smiling eyes, told her inquisitive grandchildren that one of the happiest moments of her life was when enroute to Western Canada their train emerging from the great rocky waste, rolled into a land of large green wheatfields and well-started gardens: the province of Manitoba.

Most of our new arrivals would have gladly remained in Winnipeg with its countryside so closely resembling that of Western Ukraine, but the emigration officials told them through a German interpreter that their destination was another thousand miles further west.

With heavy hearts after a couple days of 'restless' rest, our travel-weary friends, cheered somewhat by Nastia with her ever-present smile and ready word of encouragement to everyone, boarded the train again for the last and seemingly longest stage of their journey. A few hours out of Winnipeg they could see nothing but endless, wind-swept prairie with scattered carcasses and skeletons of range cattle that were unable to survive and unusually severe winter. Here and there they saw an odd cowboy with sun browned features and dressed in barbaric attire.

On the tenth of June, 1901, our party arrived at their temporary destination and end of the steel: Strathcona. Immediately they were directed to a large frame building to rest up after their trip. Peter started out in search of a shop to buy food while Nastia was left behind to unpack. . . The first little building on the corner, looking pretentious with a false front, proved to be a general store in which Peter, with the aid of much gesticulation bought some bread, tea, sugar, a dozen eggs and a piece of salt pork, - all this for sixty-five cents. To his consternation, Peter discovered that he had only ten dollars and sixty-five cents left with which to begin life in this strange land. The kindly old grocer noticed the uneasiness in Peter's face after he had counted the money started asking him some questions, but all in vain as Peter understood nothing. Apparently he wished to know if he was married and had children, for just then a young woman passing by accompanied by a little boy, so the, old grocer pointed to Peter and then to the little boy saying "Yes?". This conveyed nothing, but wishing to relieve the situation said "Yes", a word he had heard so many times on the train. The grocer immediately took out a large paper bag and filling it with cookies, candy, peanuts and apples, gave it to Peter saying, "This is for your children, John."

Peter took the bag with a little hesitation and again fumbled in his pocket for money, but the kind old man stopped him with a wave of the hand and said he did not want any money. Peter thanked him with a bow of his head and a smile and left.

Nearing the big house where he left his wife, Peter was greatly surprised to see Nastia outside with all their baggage, vigorously dusting it with all her might.

"What has happened, Nastia, have they turned you out while I was away?"

"No Peter, nobody turned me out but this place is full of little insects whose company you surely would not appreciate."

"But Nastia, we have no other place to go and then, what shall we do with all these provisions I bought?"

"I would rather stay in the open than go back into this house. But Peter, what have you got in all these bags, you must have spent a lot of money for all this." So he explained to her how he bought the things he wanted and included the episode of the bag of sweets.

"Ach, you are stupid", said Nastia "I am sure he asked you if you had a family and because you said "Yes", he gave this bag for your children."

"I guess you are right, Nastia, I must take it back to him." And without waiting for a reply, Peter took the huge bag back to the store. Fortunately for Peter, there was in the store at that time a young Czech farmer who could speak English and helped both parties in a confused situation

"But you needn't bring them back," said the grocer, "Even if you have no children, you may have it with your wife."

"Oh, yes," said Peter, "but my conscience would have been uneasy accepting things under false pretences".

"Ask him where they are staying," said the grocer to the Czech.

"We really have no place to stay except that immigration hall over there, but the place is so full of lice and bugs that we will likely stay out in the open; anything is preferable to that filth."

The Czech translated to the old man what Peter had said as best he could. The kind old man thought for a moment and then said, "I have a little warehouse at the back of my store which I never use. Tell him to move their belongings in there and use it as their sleeping quarters and as for cooking, they are welcome to use my cookstove which, being a bachelor, I seldom use myself."

Peter, his eyes glowing with gratitude said, "Diakooyou Vam Pane" and tried to kiss the old man's hand, which the grocer declined with some embarrassment. He told Peter that expressing gratitude in such fashion was not practised in this country. Peter then

thanked him again and in a moment was almost running to carry the good news to Nastia, who was already growing impatient and anxious to get out of sight of so many passers-by.

In a short while they were comfortably installed in Mr. Hall's warehouse (for that was the kind gentleman's name) and Nastia was busy preparing a late dinner which was to be the first meal prepared by her in Canada.

Early the next morning Peter awoke much refreshed after the first peaceful night in more than five weeks, and deciding to get up as quietly as possible so as not to awaken his wife, was much surprized to notice that she was already up and out of bed He called her by name, but there was no reply. He dressed hurriedly and came out, but still could not see her. Going towards the front of the store he at last found her with a big bowl of water busy washing the big show window in the store, which, by way, surely needed it.

"Nastia, dear, why did you get up so early? You certainly need a good rest after this miserable journey."

"I did have a good rest Peter, and I thought I better make some use of myself here as you well know we have no money to pay for our lodging. As soon as the old man goes to work, I will clean up his living quarters, too. You could do some work too. See that pile of logs at the back, I think they are to be cut into firewood and the saw is there, so you'd better go and saw some wood for him. I'm sure he'll be pleased."

"All right, Nastia, let us hurry then for we must go across the river to Edmonton and somehow find that office where they give land called homesteads, for ten dollars, as that is all the money we have left."

That same afternoon, while crossing the river on a ferry, the Yarema's met again their friend the Czech who readily agreed to help them all he could in selecting their homestead. He also told Peter that he met many Ukrainians already, and most of them settled somewhere fifty or sixty miles east of Edmonton. The Czech advised Peter to go and see the land before he filed on it but Peter laughed at the idea and using his old country standard of land valuation, said that one hundred and sixty acres of land was big enough to make a living on, even if it was in the worst locality.

After climbing a steep bank on the north side, Peter was shown where the Dominion land office were. In the offices, with the aid of an interpreter they were given plans and charts showing where there was still open land but neither understood them. Finally, Peter asked for open land that was wooded. He preferred woodlands because in the country he came from, the wood was very expensive and he often had to pay a whole month's wages for a load of firewood. The offical told him that such land was situated about seventy five miles due east of Edmonton in the Vermilion Valley. Peter promp-

ly paid the ten dollars entry and became the proud owner of a hundred and sixty acres of woodland which he never saw but before the door of the office closed behind him, he realized that he had only fifty cents left to capitalize the development of his 'large farm'.

From the office they went downtown in search of someone who would by chance travel that way or would at least show them the way to their new home. A few blocks from the office they saw a large livery barn and among other vehicles, Nastia noticed one indentical to those used in her native land.

'Look at this wagon Peter, I am sure it belongs to some Ukrainian settler.'' Peter, his heart beating voilently with joy of anticipation ran to the wagon in great strides, only to notice a little boy sleeping peacefully on the hay inside the rack. The boy must have been feasting on chocolate and candies before he fell asleep because his face was well smeared with brown and red coloring which attracted myraids of flies, but that did not disturb his slumber and he was evidently dreaming of more candy, judging by a broad smile on his childish face.

While Peter and Nastia were discussing in a low voice, the advisability of waking the child, a mosquito of extraordinary proportions alighted on the tip of the boy's nose. With a familiar Ukrainian oath, the boy abruptly awoke and looked in curiosity at the two strangers.

"Who are you and whom are you looking for?" said the boy in Ukrainian.

"We just came from the old country," said Nastia, "and are looking for some one who would take us to our homestead away east of here in a district called 'Farmilia.' (It was a corrupted name for Vermilion Valley used long afterwards by the elder Uk. settlers.)

We are from 'Farmilia', too," replied the boy, warming up to an outburst of pent-up conversation. "We settled there a year ago and now we already have a team of horses and a little colt but our wagon is old and not strong enough for these bad roads, so my father and I came to Edmonton to buy a new wagon and a machine to cut hay with. Canada, you know, is much better than the old country. My father has a gun at home with which he shoots wild ducks and geese and rabbits and somet mes a deer in winter, and they never put him in jail on account of it, as "they" used to in the old country . . . . . "

The boy would have rambled on forever, but then his father came to the wagon with a number of parcels in both hands. He was a tall man of about forty with broad shoulders and a weather-beaten brown face, but kindly and ever-smiling blue eyes. He was glad to see anyone from his native land and heartily shook hands with Nastia and Peter as if they had been old comrades.

The boy's father said his name was Hritz Lebed and that he

came from Yarema's neighboring county two years ago. After a short conversation it was agreed, to the great delight of Stepan (for that was the boy's name) that Lebed should take Yarema's to their homestead, but as Peter had no money, he promised to help Lebed harvest his wheat of which he already boasted four acres.

Early next morning Lebed and his ever - inquisitive Stepan arrived in a new wagon in front of Mr. Hall's store to take up the Yarema's and their baggage to the final end of their journey which was to become in the near future, the thriving and prosperous community of New Kiew.

On a commanding hill overlooking a beautiful valley which resembles in some respects, the site of an ancient Ukrainian Capital, stands an imposing though not very large Ukrainian Catholic church of New Kiew, built in a beautiful Byzantine style, with a tall cupola which can be seen from many miles away.

It is a lovely Sunday morning in June and the big churchyard is filled almost to capacity with cars of all descriptions. The church itself cannot accommodate all attendants and many of them have to stand outside for whom a temporary shade of trees is provided.

To-day, the New Kiew Parish celebrates the fortieth anniversary of its inception by the true pioneers of whom only a small number is still present. During Holy Mass everybody stands in silent tribute while Father Skaletsky reads the names of those pioneers who were already summoned by the Creator to receive their just and final reward.

Among those mentioned are the familiar names of Peter Yarema and Hritz Lebed.

After Holy Mass a memorial dinner will be served in the parish hall by the young ladies of the parish followed by a picnic sponsored by the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League.

Apart from the crowd in the shade of green poplars surrounded by her numerous grandchildren sits a venerable old lady trodden with age and trails of life, and if it wasn't for those briliiant and smiling eyes, it would be almost impossible to recognize in her the

lovely young bride of Peter Yarema forty-five years ago. The youngest in the group, her great-grandchild creeps into her lap and asks, "Grannie, why were there so many tears in your eyes while in church to-day?"

"Oh, it's nothing, little dear. I had a fleeting little wish. I wished that Peter, I mean your great-grandfather, could be present here to-day. How proud he would have felt to see the achievements for which he laid the foundations forty years ago.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY ASCENSION AT NEW KIEW

## A Trip To Jasper Park

(continued)

about it. When school began my brother and sister were away. As I was too young to go to schoo', I stayed home and told grandma about our magnificent adventure.

JOHN STEBLYK GRADE SIX

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To the Teacher and Pupils of Kiew School:

On behalf of the Trustees of the Vegreville School Division, I wish to thank and congratulate you on the excellent work you did in your 1944 Year Book, "Kiew Memories". We think you did a good job in editing and printing, especially with the machinery at your disposal.

When the trustees visited your school last year, they were favorably impressed with the good work you were doing in the class room and your other activities. We hope you will improve your year book this year, and should you enter the Provincial Competition, we trust you will take the first prize.

S. HINTON, CHAIRMAN
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